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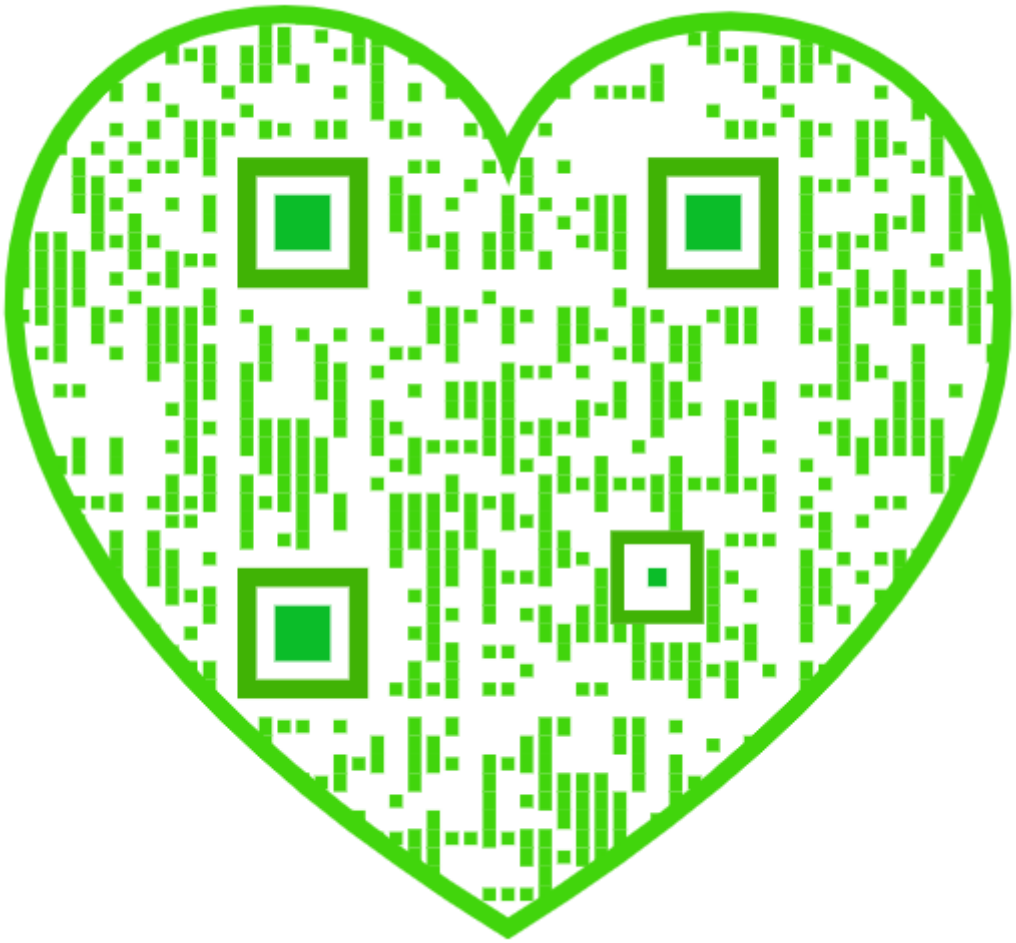
Over the Black Coffee



OVER THE BLACK COFFEE

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COMPILED BY

ARTHUR GRAY

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NEW YORK
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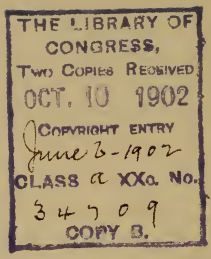

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Decorations by George W. Hood

They have in *Turkey* a drink called *Coffee*, made of a *Berry* of the same name, as *Black* as *Soot*, and of a *Strong Scent*, but not *Aromatical;* which they take, beaten into Powder, in *Water*, as Hot as they can *Drink* it; and they take it, and sit at it in their *Coffee Houses*, which are like our *Taverns*. The *Drink* comforteth the *Brain* and *Heart*, and helpeth *Digestion*.

—FRANCIS BACON.

NOTE.

The compiler acknowledges his thanks to Messrs. Harper & Brothers and W. D. Howells for their permission to use the poem taken from Mr. Howell's "Modern Italian Poets." Thanks are also due to Mr. Saltus for permission to use the sonnet on "Coffee," by his son Francis Saltus Saltus, and which appears in his book, "Flasks and Flagons."

INTRODUCTION

Since the real civilizing of coffee as a drink—we will have to thank Constantinople for that—no beverage has compared with it in the social and companionable qualities it imparts. Tea has always been, and will always be, a soft, soothing, purring, gossipy decoction for gentle women and men of mild power and peaceful walks. It suggests the Celestial and his low browed laundry, side ringlets, respectability, and the fireside cat.

Coffee, on the other hand, has ever been associated with the robust, daring, and the adventurous. The

scenes in which this little brown berry plays its part are those of the sea and the saddle, the mess room, the end of the long march, the camp in the woods, the lone prospector over the mountain range at dusk, the weary traveller in the wayside inn, visions of Venuses in railroad restaurants and lightning-change landscapes, en route.

What man is there among us who has not passed through some of these experiences?

Who can successfully deny that coffee has not been a great factor in the making and unmaking of nations?

Who does not know that in the famous coffee-houses of the past many a leader found his first voice; many a good and many a bad plot

have been hatched, many a strong and many a weak cup of coffee have been responsible for these plots? And they are history, and men are the cause of it.

And this little book, as it treats of these things, should appeal to men.

Although coffee has not escaped "in the making of many books," nevertheless the compiler of this volume believes that this is the first attempt to approach the subject from the human side.

That the book may be successful in this, to a more or less degree, it is to be hoped.

In that case, to the wakeful, warm-blooded, active man it will be found to contain some good memories and new inspirations.

COFFEE IN HISTORY

"THERE are two things Frenchmen will never swallow—Racine's poetry, and coffee," wrote Madame de Sévigné, in 1669, when Solomon Aga, the Sultan's ambassador to the court of Louis XIV, was treating the nobility of France to its first drink of coffee. Mme. de Sévigné was not the only one to make wry faces over coffee, with its hot, black decoction of muddy grounds, thickened with syrup. She did not know what a stimulant to jaded brains it would be, nor

what a restorative of sparkless wit. But she lived long enough to see her prophecy fail in both instances, for Racine's poetry was swallowed, and coffee was drunk by the gallon long before she died.

The liquids up to 1669 were: home-brewed beer, apple and pear cider, honey-and-water, water, milk, and the juice of the grape.

England was ahead of France in the drinking of coffee, for in 1657 (May 19th), the *Publick Advertiser* printed this quaint and curious ad:

> "In Bartholomew Lane, on the backside of the old Exchange, the drink called Coffee, which is a very wholesom and Physical drink, having many excellent virtues, closes the orifice of the Stomach, fortifies the heat within, helpeth Digestion, quickeneth the Spirits, maketh the heart lightsom, is good against Eye-sores, Coughs or Colds, Rhumes, Consumptions, Headache, Dropsie,

> Gout, Scurvy, King's Evil, and many others, is to be sold both in the morning, and at three of the clock in the afternoon.

But coffee's day did not last long, for tea came simmering into London shortly after its advent, and all London became tea drunkards.

In 1658, coffee was sold "at Sultaner's-head, a Cophee-house, in Sweeting's Rents, by the Royal Exchange, London."

Almost from its introduction to the present day, or for 233 years, coffee has been the favorite drink in Paris. That beats whiskey in Ireland or Scotland, the great whiskey-absorbing countries of the world, although beer holds the blue ribbon as the longest favorite drink on record—in England. Water, in England, is a side issue, and is val-

uable for dish-washing purposes only. It is drunk there on compulsion. But coffee is *the* drink of France. In 1669, France had no more nerves than England, nor for a century after, when she began to realize that she was a Nation of Nerves. One of the greatest things that ever happened would not have happened but for coffee. In other words, coffee changed the map of Europe, made Napoleon, and an Irish soldier the great Duke of Wellington. In a word, coffee made France a nation of nerves; nerves made the French Revolution; which made Napoleon; who made Mr. Arthur Wellesley a conqueror and duke.

The first coffee house in Paris opened in 1672, at the Fair of St.

Germain. Was it Voltaire or Diderot who said, in the Café Procope, where they both took their coffee, tilted at creeds, and attacked Shakespeare and high heaven: "Our cradle was a café"? One of them said it, and truly said it, for the cradle of the French Republic of to-day surely was a café, and coffee made cafés.

Pascal, an Armenian, was the proprietor of the first café. He came to Paris all the way from Constantinople, little thinking of his great destiny in being the cause of the French Revolution and Napoleon, a reconstructed Europe, and the sale of Louisiana to the United States. But for that little insignificant Pascal, Albert Wettin might to-day be king of this country as

he is of Great Britain; for without France's aid in the Revolution, where would our glorious Washington have been? and without Washington, where would we be?

* * * * * * *

Pascal was accompanied from Constantinople by his own waiter-boys. Prior to his appearance upon the Parisian stage of life, other restaurants sold the before-mentioned liquids, with cakes, gingerbread, sausages, ham and, sinkers, spices, preserves, Portuguese oranges, dates, figs, nuts, and fruits of many countries; but Pascal sold only coffee, and threw his competitors into a green and frightful rage. As business improved, Pascal sent his waiter-boys throughout the city with coffee-pots, heated by lamps,

and little side-dishes of *nougat*, made of almonds and honey, and other Oriental sweets. He tempted the Parisian at his door and window, knowing, at that early day, that no Parisian could resist temptation. He made a fortune, and for seventeen years nobody ever dreamed that coffee could be made except by a little chap from Turkey. Lords and ladies, mere men and women, girls and boys, hooks and crooks, thugs and mugs, all drank the delicious new and strange concoction.

But, in 1689, an Italian, who had been watching Pascal, saw a great white light, and opened a café across the street from the Comédie Française. He had a royal license to sell spices, ices, barley-water,

circus lemonade, and milk, when he added coffee to his menu, and it proved the beginning of his fortune. He called his place a café, and afterwards swore that his café was the first café. That was Procope, and his place was known as "The Café Procope." He called himself an Italian, but he was from Sicily. His was the greatest café the world has ever known, as it was the trundle-bed of Liberty.

Coffee was first found growing wild in Arabia, so the legend runs. Hadji Omar, a dervish, discovered it in 1285, six hundred and seventeen years ago. He was outlawed from Mocha for asking the ten-millionaire "boss" of Mocha: "Where *did* you get It"? He was dying of hunger in the wilderness, when his

glazing eyes saw some small, round berries. He ate some, but they were bitter. He roasted some, and they were better. He steeped the roasted berries in a running brook's water, held in the hollow of his hand, and they were as good as solid food. He ran back to Mocha, found the "boss" dead and his filthy millions scattered, made some coffee, invited the wise men of Mocha to drink, and in their gratitude they made him a saint.

The little brown Arabian bean grows in the East and West Indies, and in Central and Southern America, too. It makes the one drink famous the wide world over. In the English provinces, it was once spelled without any letter that is in it to-day. That seems a reckless

sort of statement, but here it is: KAWPHY. The Malays spelled it KAWAH; but from Kaffa, in Eastern Africa, it derived its present name, COFFEE, though originally spelled KAULI.

In 1554, it became the favorite drink at Constantinople, and robbed the mosques of their worshippers, to the disgust of the priests, who swore by Allah that the roasted berries were the coals of the evil one, and as such must be outlawed. To please the priests it was taxed, but it was drunk copiously in secret, then openly again. Refusing to supply a wife with coffee was a valid cause for divorce.

It was introduced in Venice, by a descendant of the *Merchant*, in 1615, and it was known in Marseil-

les in 1644, fifty-five years before it became popular in Paris.

In the last half of the seventeenth century, its popularity was at its height in London, and "Wills's Coffee-house," at the corner of West Bow Street and Covent Garden, was also known as "The Wits," for in Wills's "Glorious John" Dryden, an earlier Doctor Johnson, but without Johnson's brutality in argument, let his pupils flatter him, as he laid down poetic and literary laws, as Samuel Johnson laid them down almost a century later in "The Cheshire Cheese." At Wills's and at "Button's," in Great Russell Street, across the way, Joseph Addison held forth in his happiest manner. Richard Steele was another literary light at Button's;

so was Jonathan Swift. Little "Essay-on-Man" Pope was yet another, but he lasted only a year, leaving in disgust, because his irritable temper made him unpopular. Davenant, the first man to put scenery on the English stage, Carey, Ambrose Philips, and many lesser lights, drank Button's coffee. Later on, every London street had its coffee-house. At one time, there were three "Tom's" coffee-houses in London; but the "Tom's" in Birchen Lane was the favorite, for that was patronized by the actor David Garrick; the green-apple poet, Akenside; poor little Chatterton, on a few occasions; Edmund Burke, Boswell, Beauclerk, and infrequently, by the great Doctor Johnson. But, when another "Tom"

opened up across the way from Billy Button's, Billy took to the small beer, for seven hundred of the nobility, literary, and political lights, at a guinea a throw, were *the* subscribers to it, which meant $35,000 a year for Tom. That Tom's coffee was the finest in England, and it was drunk and eaten, for Charles James Fox swore that it could be carved, in its thick richness.

In the reign of Queen Anne, London's coffee-houses really began to multiply. "Squire's" coffee-house was famous in Anne's time, for there "Sir Roger de Coverley" drank coffee with the "Spectator." That is, Messrs. Addison and Steele got together.

New Orleans used to be the first

place in the whole world for pure coffee. The old French market there was wont to be alive, from early morning to almost high noon, with coffee-drinkers. Every family in New Orleans was a coffee-drinking family.

Boston, before, during, and after the Revolution, had many coffee-houses, as had Virginia and New York. Burns's coffee-house, northwest of Bowling Green, the present site of the Stevens House, was the first in New York. "The Liberty Boys" met there, and brewed dark plots for the overthrow of George the Third. The Merchants' coffee-house, also known as "The Merchants' Exchange," stood at the foot of Wall Street. "The Tontine Coffee-house" was at the northwest

corner of Wall and Water Streets, and was opened in 1792.

Tea has always been women's favorite drink; coffee, men's. Dr. Johnson was one of the few famous men who preferred tea. Balzac, the great novelist, was almost a coffee drunkard. He thought nothing of drinking twenty and thirty cups in a day, or a night, almost to the day of his death, in 1849, at the age of fifty. When he was poor, and lived in an attic, he made it himself. When he could afford it, the best chef in Paris made it for him. Flaubert, Hugo, Baudelaire, Paul de Koch, Théophile Gautier, Alfred de Musset, Zola, Bernhardt, Coppée, Guy de Maupassant, and Francis Saltus, were all tremendous drinkers of the juice of the delicious

Arabian berry; and George Sand smoked cigarettes and drank coffee to the last. Can more be said for coffee, when the works of that group are remembered? Yes:

Coffee makes a sad man, cheerful; a languorous man, active; a cold man, warm; a warm man, glowing; a debilitated man, strong. It intoxicates, without inviting the police; it excites a flow of spirits, and awakens mental powers thought to be dead. Europe, the Elizabethan dramatists aside, was not witty until coffee got in its fine work. The most brilliant men the world has ever known have been coffee drinkers. Coffee clears the mind of vapors; the brain of cobwebs; the heart of pain; the soul of care. It invigorates the faculties, and

makes an old man young. It is the terror of advancing age. Creditors fly from it; debtors cry for it. When coffee is bad, it is the wickedest thing in town; when good, the most glorious. When it has lost its aromatic flavor, and appeals no more to the eye, smell or taste, it is fierce; but when left in a sick room, with the lid off, it fills the room with a fragrance only jacqueminots can rival. The very smell of coffee in a sick room terrorizes death.

One pound avoirdupois of good coffee, properly roasted and ground, weighs only fourteen ounces: but those fourteen ounces will make fifty-six cups. One full cup of coffee ought to contain 108 grains troy, or a little less than a quarter

of an ounce. Milk kills the flavor. Cold cream is the companion to coffee. Remember now, *cold!* Always use sugar in coffee. Sugar is nourishing. It is fattening, and enriches the blood. It is used often to fatten cattle, and "cops." Watch a horse eat sugar. Dumb animals know by instinct what is good for the blood and stomach.

Sailors are great coffee drinkers, and who are healthier? Good brown sugar is as wholesome as loaf sugar—or, a little wholesomer; and it is as good for coffee.

John Ernest McCann.

COFFEE.

Voluptuous berry! where may mortals find
  Nectars divine that can with thee compare,
  When, having dined, we sip thy essence rare,
And feel towards wit and repartee inclined?

Thou wert of sneering, cynical Voltaire
  The only friend; thy power urged Balzac's
    mind
  To glorious effort; surely Heaven designed
Thy devotees' superior joys to share.

Whene'er I breathe thy fumes, 'mid summer
    stars,
  The Orient's splendent pomps my vision greet.
    Damascus, with its myriad minarets, gleams!
I see thee, smoking, in immense bazaars,
  Or yet, in dim seraglios, at the feet
    Of blonde sultanas, pale with amorous
      dreams!

FRANCIS SALTUS SALTUS,
in *Flasks and Flagons.*

HOW COFFEE GROWS.

THE coffee plant is a small tree covered with dark green lustrous leaves, at the base of which grows a pure white fragrant flower.

The fruit is a small round red berry about the size and shade of a cherry. The tree, which varies in diameter from four to six inches, will grow to a height of from twenty to thirty feet. As a convenience in picking the fruit, however, it is not permitted to grow higher than eight or nine feet. At that height its tops are cut off, causing it to spread out instead of growing up.

The tree will bear at three or four years of age, reaching its full fruition at seven years, when it will yield two to three pounds of berries.

The berry, when ripe, is made up of five parts in which are contained two beans* which lie within, face to face.

The principal coffee producing countries are Brazil, Java, the island of Sumatra, Ceylon, India, Mexico, Liberia, Porto Rico, Cuba, Philippine Islands, and Arabia. Brazil grows one-half of the world's supply, Arabia—Mocha coffee—is said to raise the finest, and Java the most universally popular.

* Except in the pea berry or male berry, in which only one bean is found, and differs from the other beans, in that it has an oval appearance. It is also supposed to be stronger, and for that reason sells for about two cents per pound more than the flat bean.

Our new possessions, Porto Rico and the Philippines, are said to grow coffee equal to the best that Java produces. The flavor of Porto Rico coffee especially has been highly commended. Owing to a variety of reasons, however, this coffee has never had the opportunity to "show off" in America as it should. Let us hope that it will, for Porto Rico has been a good child of the Republic thus far, and anything produced there deserves well of us.

A Frenchman always finishes his dinner with a *demi tasse.* An American usually tops off his black coffee with a glass of water. Why is this? Is it possible that the "chaser"—"hustler" is unknown in Paris?

COFFEE CUSTOMS.

EVERY civilized country on the globe has its own coffee ways, its own way of making, serving and drinking the berry.

The countries, however, where coffee is featured or looked upon as a standard beverage, all have their distinct coffee customs.

This is easily understood when every one knows that coffee, with or without its social accompaniments, is the most adaptable of all drinks. In its raw state it will keep in any climate, is easily prepared, and in so many ways. This is one of the reasons why it can be quickly

made to conform to the characteristics, the tastes, and even the national temperament of different countries.

Apart from this, and in spite of all that has been said, written or preached against it; coffee, as a wholesome stimulant, has always been since its discovery preëminently favored all over the world. No other bean, berry, leaf, root, or fruit can compare with it in this respect. Tea is good, but tea will ever lack the robust companionableness of the "little brown berry." Imagine a *man* making a proposal of matrimony over a cup of tea. What "manner of man" must he be who would do this?

Coffee, on the other hand, draws upon your vigorous imagination.

Literary devotees of the beverage have long ago verified this. The pages of history teem with fine figures, of whom it may be said that coffee was a strong factor in their inspiration and action. As men make history, so they dominate society, carrying with them into the halls of the *most high* that universal and cosmopolitan decoction—*Coffee.*

And, so tea gives way to coffee as a social drink—tea, without its strenuousness, can be dismissed, as Shakespeare makes one of his characters say to another:

"Let gentleness thy strong enforcement be."

It is the social influence, therefore, coffee imparts that gives its great vogue.

Excellent, however, as the coffee is that is served in some of the

capitals of the Orient, in continental Europe, by the Thames, or on the deep sea, the American globe-trotter, homeward bound, and perhaps a little homesick, will have recalled many a time before his journey is ended, the cup that "mother used to make." He will sigh for Sarah and her morning coffee, or long for "Alphonse," who smooths the cloth in the café, and knows to the minute when he is ready for his *demi tasse.*

For they do some things over there that we never can quite get used to.

Coffee in Turkey is prepared with great care, every coffee-house having a number of tiny long handled brass coffee-pots with a curved spout. When a cup of coffee is

called for it is made to order in one of these coffee-pots after the following manner: The coffee, after being finely powdered, is measured into one of these pots. Water enough to fill the pot is added, after which it is set upon live coals until it touches the boiling point. It is then, without straining, poured into a small cup ready to drink. It is a thick, muddy mixture, but the Turks swallow it—grounds and all—with relish and satisfaction. The flavor is said to be good, which may be accounted for by the fact that the coffee is roasted fresh every day. The Turks never put milk in their coffee, and sugar would be a crime. The European and American traveler, however, can obtain the latter as a favor—for a consideration—in

Constantinople, Cairo, and Alexandria. In the European hotels of these cities the coffee is made Turkish fashion—grounds in the cup—the sugar being put in the pot with the coffee, and boiled together.

In Turkey, where the customs of the country are very elaborate and ceremonial, coffee figures as much in the Turk's affairs as do the affairs themselves. Coffee is the national drink, and they take it very seriously. It enters into life on every occasion, and for every purpose, social, diplomatic, or business the coffee-pot always plays its part. If a person makes a social call, coffee is the first greeting to the guest, and it speeds him on his way at parting. No business proposition is entertained, no contracts

made or courtesies rendered without and until the fragrant cup has been sipped. Coffee and tobacco are the Turk's meat and drink. All over Turkey these coffee-houses are to be met with. In Smyrna and Constantinople they are as plentiful as the American corner barrooms, and they enjoy quite as much patronage. They consist usually of one room opening to the street, or connecting the bazaar with a divan around three sides and rugs on the floor. Those solemn-faced Turks may be seen sitting cross-legged, sipping their favorite beverage, and taking long puffs at their wonderful flexible-stemmed water bottles—the narghileh or chibouque.

The luxurious and magnificent

Turkish coffee-houses, if they ever have existed, exist now only in the imagination of poets and word-painting travelers. The opal pavements, diamond showered fountains, the perfumed air, and the party-colored lights stealing in, are all lacking in the Turkish creations of to-day. In short, their coffee-houses are about as ideal as the Turks themselves—a simple and serious and often grimy picturesqueness, but no more.

The Greeks also prepare their coffee Turkish fashion, serving with their little cup the narghileh, which is always filled awaiting the pleasure of the customer. The Greek coffee-house, however, differs from the Turkish, in that it has chairs and tables similar to those found in the

cafés of Paris and other parts of Europe. Another feature of the Greek cafés is that they are often found out-of-doors; their tables and chairs sometimes covering a public square. There the modern Hellene smokes and sips in the soft twilight of a summer evening, or drinks in the winter sunshine under a brilliant blue of glorious skies with which Nature has always canopied this historic land.

The next coffee station is Paris. This is a big jump, but worth it, for following the coffee belt the next radical and important change in the custom of making and taking the beverage is in the City of Life. There coffee finds its best expression, for are not the French ways of preparing the drink the stand-

ard all over the civilized western world?

Coffee drinking in Paris is not an incident of every day as it is in America and England. It is a factor, for everybody drinks, and "drinks hearty," of the cup that "warms the heart."

The average Frenchman's day without coffee would be stale, flat, and unprofitable, indeed. Beginning the morning meal with his large cup of "café au lait," a bite of bread and a bit of butter, before his day is ended he will have consumed many cups of his favorite beverage. He takes it in some form on every occasion where the "inner man" is looked after—materially, mentally, and spiritually. These occasions are often—often.

At his mid-day meal coffee is always in evidence; before dinner it is taken as an appetizer, after dinner his little cup of black coffee is slowly sipped to the accompaniment of music, conversation, or dreams.

During the day it does not take much persuasion—or a Frenchman can easily persuade himself—to adjourn to the café. In company with a friend "over the coffee" he is king for the time, and his little table is a throne. Conversation of all kinds is indulged in—business, politics, war, the last play, the current scandal, his latest conquest—over all these the Frenchman can make merry, for coffee is a happy drink—as the French make it.

If he is alone, and is tired of

himself, the café affords him rest and recreation. Inside he may pore over the papers; outside, or close to the curb, he may view the panorama of pretty women—he is fond of that—fine turnouts, and other features of his boulevard life—always varied, picturesque, full of color, life, gayety. No wonder the cafés in France prosper. Although coffee is the *piéce de résistance* of these places, it is not the only attraction, for one can obtain there at all times the best of foods and drinks. So, everybody goes to the cafés—politicians and priests, pretty girls, players, boulevardiers, bankers, and authors and artists from all countries, and each in his own little world. Paris is made up of these contrasts. They do not clash in the cafés. Good

nature, good manners, are everywhere, and thus are these houses of entertainment a fertile field for the traveler to study the cosmopolitan life, character, manners, and customs of the world.

In other parts of Continental Europe, particularly in Italy and Spain, the French method of making and serving the beverage generally prevails. The coffee establishments in the capitals of these countries do not, however, pretend to the elegance and comforts to be found in those places of the city by the Seine. There are a few, however, in both these countries that are worth while. In Rome they are the "guiding stars" of the city—landmarks which every one knows and which every one hopes to

visit. In your walks about the city you see them going and coming. If you take breakfast at any of them you will probably return for dinner, for the traveler in Rome, beset by beggars and embryo-banditti, will be glad to return after a day of sight-seeing to the café where he can view the people "on their native heath" in their best manner, and their happiest mood, for the Italian at play is a cheerful creature—romantic, dreamy, sentimental.

In Madrid, the influence of the café over the Spaniard is much the same. The typical Spaniard, however, is a happy-go-lucky dog. Calamities of war, family troubles, a neighbor's misfortune, can be quickly dismissed by him if there is a

bull fight on. In the evening he will round up at the café, forgetful and buoyant. There, in the atmosphere of senoritas and smiles, he may be seen taking his coffee, smoking, playing cards, reading the newspapers, conversing, gesticulating. If the coffee is not wanted, there are a great variety of wines, liquors, and mixed drinks to be had. What American who has ever dipped into the liquid mysteries of the latter will ever forget them?—those combinations of milk and sweet almonds, frothy creams of chocolate, little loafs of white sugar, and lemon juice.

Germany and Austria are coffee-drinking countries, but perhaps there is not so much public consumption of these beverages in

those countries as in other parts of continental Europe. Every one knows the national drink of Germany, and the snow-white confections that surmount the coffee cups to be found in Vienna. In both of these countries, no matter what feature they may give to the brown berry, the spirit of the brew is said to be "after the French." Be that as it may, however, their coffee customs are all their own. In the ideal home-life of these nations they find their truest meaning. It is not necessary to go to Germany to find out what a "kaffee klatch" is. If there is a loyal family from the Fatherland on your block, and if your wife, or daughter, or sister is neighborly, she has been a guest at these gossips—those delightful

talks among women, inspired by coffee—which have been responsible for the introduction into many American families of those delicious and wonderful dishes—potato salad, sauerkraut, frankfurters.

They brew coffee in England badly and sadly. One can obtain a good cup of it in the best hotels and restaurants over there, but elsewhere in the "tight little isle" it is a decoction decidedly unworthy of the gods. Tea is their national drink, and when it is said that they are the best tea makers in the world, the excellence of *their* "cup that cheers but not inebriates"—will forgive them much for their indifferent coffee. For in England:

> Tea reigns supreme,
> And "bitter beer" is queen.

But one will not have to wander very far afield in Europe to find a cup of coffee, which, if put before an epicure of the Bowery, would cause that individual—in the language of the street—to "trun up his hands." Coffee on the Continent is good and bad. In America it is good and medium, and although it may be true, as some experts say, that a better quality of the berry is used beyond the "deep blue," many a traveler will testify to having met with plenty of parodies on the beverage ere he has returned to his own fireside.

Coffee in America is generally good—unless one penetrates very far into the interior where shipments of the bean are few, and the "river water" has really a fine

flavor. Along the lines of the leading railroads at the station restaurants, in any of the large cities at the best cafés and hotels, a cup of coffee is served, which, for aromatic quality and delicious flavor, is all that can be desired. Even in such places along the Bowery as "Beefsteak Harry's," or the "Rabbit Inn," although it may not always be the correct cup, it is drinkable and palatable enough not to destroy the delicate digestion of its denizens.

COFFEE AND CRUMPETS.

By Launcelot Littledo, of Pump Court, Temple, Barrister-at-Law.

There's ten o'clock! From Hampstead to the
Tower
The bells are chanting forth a lusty carol;
Wrangling, with iron tongues, about the hour,
Like fifty drunken fishwives at a quarrel;
Cautious policemen shun the coming shower;
Thompson and Fearon tap another barrel;
"Dissolve frigus, lignum super foco.
Large reponens." Now, come Orinoco!

To puff away an hour, and drink a cup,
A brimming *breakfast*-cup of ruddy Mocha—
Clear, luscious, dark, like eyes that lighten up
The raven hair, fair cheek, and *bella boca*
Of Florence maidens. I can never sup
Or perigourd, but (guai a chi la tocca!)
I'm doomed to indigestion. So to settle
This strife eternal,—Betty, bring the kettle!

Coffee! oh, Coffee! Faith, it is surprising.
'Mid all the poets, good, and bad, and worse,
Who've scribbled (Hock or Chian eulogizing)
Post and papyrus with "immortal verse"—
Melodiously similitudinising
In Sapphics languid or Alcais terse
No one, my little brown Arabian berry.
Hath sung thy praises—'tis surprising! very!

Were I a poet now, whose ready rhymes,
Like Tommy Moore's, come tripping to their
places—
Reeling along a merry troll of chimes,

With careless truth—a dance of fuddled Graces;
Hear it—*Gazette, Post, Herald, Standard, Times,*
I'd write an epic! Coffee for its basis:
Sweet as e'er warbled forth from cockney
throttles
Since Bob Montgomery's or Amos Cottle's.

Thou sleepy-eyed Chinese—enticing siren,
Pekoe! the Muse hath said in praise of thee,
"That cheers but not inebriates"; and Byron
Hath called thy sister "Queen of Tears," Bohea!
And he, Anacreon of Rome's age of iron,
Says, how untruly! "*Quis non potius te.*"
While coffee, thou—bill-plastered gables say—
Art like old Cupid, "roasted every day."

I love, upon a rainy night, as this is,
When rarely and more rare the coaches rattle
From street to street, to sip thy fragrant kisses;
While from the Strand remote some drunken
battle
Far-faintly echoes, and the kettle hisses
Upon the glowing hob. No tittle-tattle
To make a single thought of mine an alien
From thee, my coffee-pot, my fount Castalian.

Then! silken cap on head and feet on fender,
In bootless, stockless, gowned and slippered
ease,
The day's long-fettered fancies free I render
To dive or fly, like Ariel, where they please.
While shapes, fantastic as the Witch of Endor
Called up for Saul—grim faces, houses, trees—
Fancy, with many a fantastic miracle,
Builds in the fire—I grow satirical.

I think they've mystified the Spanish function;
I found a deal of stuff in our debates

(Enough to spoil an ostrich's digestion);
I'm sure Jack Cade would like my lord's estates;
I think the "dear defunct" M. P. for Preston
Knew not his trade so well as do his mates—
Patriots who gather from a land of paupers
A good twelve thousand pound a year *in coppers.*

I think this age of paint and plaster,
Puff and spun sugar, like a French confection;
Where system and opinions wear out faster
Than the new fashions,—taking their complexion
From yesterday's review—their code! their spaster!
Until to-morrow make a new election;
While authors gather up the fame of sages,
By petty larceny from title pages.

I think there's naught so nauseous under heaven
As condescension from the pseudo-wise!
Fellows, with just enough of mental leaven
To make them think they ought to patronize—
Great men! whose very how-d'-ye-do's are given
As favors which young talent can't but prize;
While o'er each burly breadth of face there glows
The pomp of sapience, bright as Bardolph's nose.

I think of Mary, and her eyes of blue,
Soft as the moonlight, with their placid lustre
From the long downcast eyelash stealing through;
Her sunny hair, in many a heedless cluster,
Around those smooth round shoulders, that in hue,

But for the life that warms them, might pass muster
Amid Joscara's fairest stone antiques,
For some bright marble modeled by the Greeks.
I think me of the ball of yesternight,
And how, upon the waltz's giddy wings,
Through yielding throngs we held our whirling flight,
Our happy gossip on a thousand things!
The new balloon—it's late advent'rous flight—
How Croly preaches, and how Grisi sings—
Poor laws and pancakes, and the last new fashion:
And then I think of Mary—in a passion.

The dance was done—we'd lounged in a quadrille,
Romped a mazurka, twirled a waltz, and shuffled
A gallopade—then in sweet converse still,
On ottoman remote, in low and muffled
Tones, that the ear of curious spinster ill
Could catch—she smoothed her satin pinions, ruffled
Amid the dance—until she thought of supper
Brought us to earth's dull regions from the upper.

Gunter, great man! had done his glorious best
To warm the chilly heart of old December,
And please the tooth of each fastidious guest—
This, *coilles aux truffle*—that, Souffe de Gingembre—
Here, *Paneir de Chantilly*. For the rest
So glittering all and sweet I can't remember—
Gelees and *tourtes*, and cremes, *ad infinitum*—
'Twas easier work by far to eat than write 'em.

Light airy things! the lengthened table glows
With gastronomic poesy; the wit
Of eating, that enlivens its dull prose;
Jests *en compote*, and quips *en creme*, that hit
The dullest fancy: edible *bon mots!*
Ambrosial epigram they seem, just fit
For ladies' lips—created hot and hot
At once, without a stewpan, by a thought.

Women, methinks, should leave to bearded fellows
Gross legs of mutton, bound by fancy's law
To pabulum like this, with light bucellas—
Sherbet and candy, crumpets and howqua—
(Mingled of forty various chops that tell us
The lightest, sure that Leadenhall e'er saw);
Oh! what a pang within one's heart awakes,
That horrid bathos—beauty and beefsteaks!

Mary and mutton chops!—antithesis
Most antithetical like lovers' quarrels;
Sense and sixteen; or garlic and a kiss!
Or great Apollo, with his lyre and laurels,
Laid up with the rheumatics; or (than this
More antithetic still) a placeman's morals!
Congratulations when affairs have gone ill,
Fraser and dullness! Courage and O'Connell.

But, soft the supper! Well, despite the weather,
We sipped on ice, and flirted with a trifle,
And laughed and chatted with our curls together,
Till, somehow, sighs unbidden came to stifle
Our mirth at mirthfullest. I can't tell whether
'Twas *her* blue eye went through one like a rifle,
Or whether, hearing, by St. Paul report,
"Past two," I thought of parting and Pump Court.

I sighed, and *she*—but whether she was only
Wishing St. Paul's were back again at nine,
And I to think Pump Court so very lonely,
Are matters that my mem'ry can't divine.
Silent she sat, her blue eyes downward thrown,
lay
In her curls' shadow. "Take a little wine."
She started from her reverie, and said,
As shaking back her clust'ring ringlets, "Red!"

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,"
Said Shakespeare long ago, and I believe it;
The worst on 't is, it ebbs and flows again
Ere we, poor purblind mortals, can perceive it.
"Our life's a mingled warp," and now and then
A thread *will* foil us, howsoe'er we weave it.
Red! Fate was lurking in those letters three.
Alas! 'twas no "red-letter" day for me.

Oh, port! thou black Cocytus! liquor stygian!
True Acheron! the old one was a fable.
I proffered her the glass when some "base
Phrygian,"
Yearning with burly bulk across the table,
Bent to indulge his filthy love for widgeon,
Impinged upon my elbow—(how unstable
One's brightest hopes—ah, me! unhappy varlet)!
Lo! her white satin gown, turned up with
scarlet.

Her fair smooth cheek turned ruddy like the
wine,
And then her lip turned pallid like the satin;
I felt my heart, and all its hopes divine,
In schedule A, like Boroughbridge or Gatton:
And, then, the flashing eye she turned on mine!
Oh, then no word in Magyar, Dutch, or Latin,

I'd wager Bowring twenty pounds (and win it),
Could shadow forth the wrath that burned
within it.

Oh, woman! woman! oh, thou dear deceit!
Clad in thy sunny robe of smiles—oh, who,
Kneeling in love's allegiance at thy feet,
Could see through placid eyes of heav'nly blue
Aught in thy seraph soul to them unmeet?
Is there no alchymy to test the shrew?
Or must the gentle *spinster* be, indeed,
A riddle that the *wife* alone can read?

Fair "country cousins" (if they're quite
unbiased),
Will sometimes read it off for one, like sphinxes!
A maiden aunt will sometimes guess the nighest,
Her eye goes through and through one, like a
lynx's;
A sister's kind assistance ranks the highest,
But then she's doubted by the cunning minxes;
Lo! here a test infallible provided,—
Drench her white satin in old port, as I did.

Gone is the dimpled mask; the shrew displaces
The angel we adored. As in a mirror,
Astonished and aghast the lover traces
A coming matrimonial "reign of terror,"
Lo! amid "wreathed smiles," and "loves and
graces,
The termagant revealed "*et nullus* error"
"And no mistake." (The sentence is oracular,
Though it sounds rather vulgar in vernacular.)

Oh, Mary! Mary, ere that fatal eve,
And that more fatal glass—a glass too much—
How did my muse, untutored try to weave
A garland meet thy pale bright face to touch,—

Culling fair flower, without the owner's leave
Out of the Spanish, Portuguese and Dutch,
Irish and French, Hindostanee and German,
From lay and legend, sonnet, song, and sermon.

How earnest in the waltz or calm quadrille
Did I not gaze, like seer for planet seeking,
Into thine eyes' blue depths, so calm and still,
To find therein some gentle hint for speaking,
In meek submission to thy sov'reign will,
The doubts and hopes with which my heart was
breaking;
Oh, did I not, fear to "pop the question,"
Forget my briefs, and damage my digestion!

I thought thee gentle as the opening day;
A type of thee, the lily's blossom pale,
Turning with downcast looks its cheek away
From the too rude caress of passing gale.
Alas, a thistle and its "*Nemo me*,"
Would, as thy emblem, tell a fitter tale;
Oh, Mary! when I see those Scottish laurels,
I always love, shall think of thee—and Quarles.

Farewell, sweet hope of matrimonial blisses,
Dawning upon me like the sunbeam rare,
That struggling through tall chimney's inter-
stices,
Revisits, in high dog-days, my two pair;
Just leaves his card—is sorry, sure,—but this is
His busy time—has not a day to spare—
Will call again next midsummer. For me
His yearly visit is a P. P. C.

Ruling like Crusoe on his lonely shore
King bachelor, in single blessedness,
And blessed singleness, despotic o'er

My little realm, than e'en his little, less.
Its limits ; eighteen feet by twenty-four ;
My royal throne, the easy chair I press ;
The serfs I stretch my autocratic fist o'er,
Betty the laundress, Tom the cat, and
Christopher.

A man in chambers!—oh, delightful phrase ;
I shall forget sun, sky, and meadows green ;
Forget thee, Mary ! and thy winning ways,
Dear *Argo-Dolce* ! once my fancy's queen,
And lived my merry round of nights and days
In an unaltered, happy " deep serene "
Of studies, suppers, sonnets, snacks and
snoozes—
My bride, the law—my handmaiden, the muses!

'Tis thus I sit and sip, and sip and think,
And think and sip again, and dip in *Fraser*.
A health, King Oliver ! to thee I drink :
Long may the public have thee to amaze her.
Like *Figaro*, thou makest one's eyelids wink,
Twirling on practised palm thy polished razor—
True Horace temper, smoothed on attic strop ;
Ah ! thou couldst "*faire la barbe a toute
l'Europe*."

Art thou a patron, too, of thin potations ?
Or dost thou fill the cup of life with wine ?
Do Bacchus or Apollo club their rations,
To braid thy wreath of laurel with the wine ?
Leav'st thou the grape-juice for its " poor
relations,"
That fill so soberly this cup of mine ?
Or dost think with many (I bemoan 'em),
A magnum filled with port, the *magnum bonum*?

Come, Oliver, and tell us what the news is ;
An easy chair awaits thee—come and fill 't.

Come, I invoke thee, as they do the muses,
And thou shalt choose thy tipple as thou wilt.
And if thy lips my sober cup refuses,
For ruddier drops the purple grape has spilt,
We can sing, sipping in alternate verses,
Thy drink and mine, like Corydon and Thyrsis.

Bacchus is old—his godship's got the gout;
Pursy Silenus seems his elder brother;
Pic-nic and *petit souper*, ball and rout,
Have thinned his locks and shrunk his calf—his mother
Would know not the wine king. We'll turn her out,
And like *les braves Parisiens*, make another.
Come thou discerning public—Ayes and Noes.
Aye! the Ayes have it. Fiat! out he goes!

So down with Bacchus!—up with "Young Sobriety"!
The jolly wine-king's dynasty decays:
And glowing with a laudable anxiety
To sack his sack, and burn him in the blaze,
Each Jacobinic Temperance Society
Comes chanting its teetotal Marseillaise!
Shrieking in one unanimous bravura,
A bas le ministere vive aqua pura!

A bas le bon vin! Down with mirth and laughter!
Only do thou—whatever new regime
(*La meilleure des republiques*) may come after—
Make *me* thy laureate, and with "tea and cream,"
"Coffee and sugar candy," roof and rafter
Shall ring where'er thy wat'ry honors beam!
In soft B flat, Haynes Bayley—like tea lyrics,
Shall leave thy loyal subjects in hysterics.

LAUNCELOT LITTLEDO, LAUREATE, LOQUITER.

Fill the bowl, but not with wine,
Potent port or fiery sherry;
For this milder cup of mine
Crush me Yemen's fragrant berry—
Ellen! Sally! Kate! Sabina!
Jane! Lisette!—a string of pearls—
Gaily quaff your brimming china.
Here's a toast—ya hip, my girls;
"Heartstrings that with ours entwine"!
Fill the bowl, but not with wine.

Fill the bowl—but not with wine;
Tipple—Scian muse or Teran
Never dreamed—be mine or thine!
Soft Pekoe! the juice Cathaian.
Gentle is the grape's deep cluster,
But the wine's a wayward child;
Nectar *this!* of meeker lustre—
This the cup that "draws it mild."
Deeply drink its streams divine—
Fill the cup, but not with wine.

Past twelve! so late? a light! a light!
I can't sit singing here all night.

Pump Court. *Fraser's Magazine, 1837.*

COFFEE-HOUSES OF OLD LONDON.

HE new beverage had its opponents as well as its advocates. The following extracts from "*An Invective Against Coffee*," published about the same period, 1652, informs us that Rosee's partner, the servant of Mr. Edwards' son-in-law, was a coachman, while it controverts the statement that hot coffee will not scald the mouth, and indicates the broken English of the Ragusan:

A BROADSIDE AGAINST COFFEE.

"A coachman was the first (here) coffee made,
And ever since the rest drive on the trade;
'*Me no good Engulash*'! and sure enough,
He played the quack to salve his stygian stuff;

'Ver boon for the stomach, de cough, de phthisick,'
And I believe him, for it looks like physic.
Coffee, a crust, is charred into a coal,
The smell and taste of the mock china bowl;
Where huff and puff, they labor out their lungs,
Lest, Dives-like they should bewail their tongues.
And yet they tell ye that it will not burn,
Though on the jury blisters yon return;
Whose furious heat does make the water rise,
And still through the alembics of your eyes.
Dread and desire, you fall to 't snap by snap,
As hungry dogs do scalding porridge lap.
But to cure drunkards it has got great fame;
Posset or porridge, wilt 't not do the same?
Like Noah's, the clean and the unclean.
And now, alas! the drench has colder got,
And he's no gentleman who drinks it not;
That such a dwarf should rise to such a stature!
But custom is but a remove from nature.
A little dish and a large coffee-house,
What is it but a mountain and a mouse"?

Notwithstanding this opposition, coffee soon became a favorite drink, and the shops where it was sold places of general resort. There appears to have been a great anxiety that the coffee-houses, while open to all ranks, should be conducted under such restraints as might pre-

vent the better class of customers from being annoyed. Accordingly, the following regulations, printed on large sheets of paper, were hung up in conspicuous positions on the walls:

"*Enter, Sirs, freely, but first, if you please,*
Peruse our civil orders, which are these:

First: gentry, tradesmen, all are welcome hither,
And may without affront sit down together;
Pre-eminence of place none here should mind,
But take the next fit seat that he can find;
Nor need any, if the finer persons come,
Rise up for to assign to them his room;
To limit men's expenses, we think not fair,
But let him forfeit twelve-pence that shall swear;
He that shall any quarrel here begin,
Shall give each man a dish t' atone the sin;
And so shall he whose compliments extend
So far to drink in coffee to his friend;
Let noise of loud disputes be quite forborne,
Nor maudlin lovers here in corners mourn,
But all be brisk and talk, but not too much;
On sacred things let none presume to touch,
Nor profane Scripture nor saucily wrong
Affairs of state with an irreverent tongue;
Let mirth be innocent, and each man see
That all his jests without reflection be;

To keep the house more quiet and from blame,
We banish hence cards, dice, and every game;
Nor can allow of wagers that exceed
Five shillings, which oftimes do troubles breed;
Let all that's lost or forfeited be spent
In such good liquor as the house doth vent.
And customers endeavor, to their powers,
For to observe still seasonable hours.
Lastly, let each man what he calls for pay,
And so you're welcome to come every day."

In a print of the period, five persons are shown in a coffee-house, one smoking; evidently, from their dress, of different ranks of life; they are seated at a table, on which are small basins without saucers, and tobacco pipes, while a waiter is serving the coffee.

In the year 1674, a "Women's Petition Against Coffee," complains that coffee "made men as unfruitful as the deserts whence that unhappy berry is said to be brought; that the offsprings of our mighty ances-

tors would dwindle into a succession of apes, pigmies," etc.

In a humorous poem published in 1663, the writer wonders why any one should prefer coffee to canary. He call them English apes, and recalling the days of Beaumont, Fletcher, and Ben Johnson, says of them:

"They drank pure nectar as the gods drink too,
Sublimed with rich *Canary;* say, shall then
These less than coffee's self, these coffee-men,
These sons of nothing, that can hardly make
Their broth for laughing, how the jest doth take,
Yet grin, and give for the vine's pure blood
A loathsome potion—not yet understood,
Syrup of soot, or essence of old shoes,
Dasht with diurnals or the book of news"!

When the following poem was written Pope was under twenty years of age. That it was the outgrowth of a sincere admiration for the berry there is no doubt; for, in Carruthers' "Life of Pope," he

mentions that at this early period Pope seems to have depended for relief from headache to the steam of coffee which he inhaled for the purpose throughout the whole of his life.—From "*Early Coffee-Houses in Club Life of London.*"

As long as Mocha's happy tree shall grow,
While berries crackle, or while mills shall go;
While smoking streams from silver spouts shall glide,
Or China's earth receive the sable tide,
While coffee shall to British nymphs be dear,
While fragrant steams the bended head shall cheer,
Or grateful bitters shall delight the taste,
So long her honors, name and praise shall last.

ALEXANDER POPE.

A FEW RECEIPTS.

To Make Coffee the Good Old American Way.

Take a teacup full of finely ground coffee for every five persons, varied according to the strength desired. Break into it an egg with shell, and mix thoroughly. Add a teacupful of cold water and mix again. Pour on a quart of boiling water and boil for ten minutes. Pour in a teacupful of cold water and let it stand three minutes to settle. Decant into a warm urn and serve immediately in warm cups. Use cream, condensed milk, or boiling milk. Have all the utensils used perfectly clean.

Remember that the grounds left in the coffee will spoil it in five minutes, and that coffee made longer than ten minutes loses its aroma, and is spoiled.—*The receipt of the largest coffee importing house in the United States.*

Café Noir—Black Coffee.

For one ordinary cup take two tablespoonfuls of coffee. Put in strainer, pressing down slightly. Pour on boiling hot water, put on cover, and leave the water to filter through for about eight minutes. If too strong dilute with hot water to suit taste.

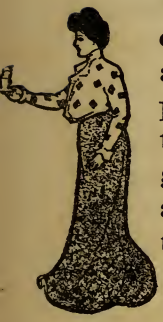
Café au Lait—Coffee with Milk.

Make the same as café noir. Serve in equal proportions of coffee

and milk. Pour in a little coffee and the same quantity of milk, alternating in this way until the cup is filled.

Vienna Coffee.

Use one heaping tablespoonful of coffee for ordinary sized cup. Prepare the same as Café Noir.



When serving to two parts of coffee and one part of hot milk add a tablespoonful of whipped cream which will float on top of the coffee. This will give a charming effect and add a delightful confection to the coffee.

COFFEE AND CRULLERS.

I NEVER knew his name, but I always called him "Coffee and Crullers," to myself. I first saw him ten years ago, on my way to Wall Street, coming out of a "coffee and cake" saloon on Park Row, near what is now known as the entrance to the Brooklyn Bridge, and for many mornings I saw him. One morning I missed him at the head of the coffee and cake cellar, but met him a few minutes later in front of the Park Row entrance to the Post Office, in the middle of the sidewalk, with legs far apart, and face to the

north, crying, in weak tones, the morning papers. For eight years he was there, in fair weather and foul, and, it seemed, with the same bundle of papers under his arm. We never exchanged a word, but his weary old eyes always lighted just a trifle when I appeared. I always bought a paper, but there was something in the old eyes which warned me not to go away without my change when I tendered him a nickel. One morning he was not there. The following morning a lad met me, and led me to his den. He was booked for the long journey. His thin, gray hair, seemed to have grown a shade or two grayer since I last saw him. His surroundings were uncompromisingly wretched. After we had talked a little while,

I said: "My poor friend, it must have been coffee and crullers with you all your life"? He was silent for a long time, but a minute before he died, he said: "You mean coffee *or* crullers."

John Ernest McCann.

SOME COFFEE-HOUSES OF OLD NEW YORK.

ALTHOUGH no tablets have been erected, monuments unveiled, or other record of any kind to the memory of the first coffee-house in New York, it was undoubtedly established in 1701. At any rate, there is a mention made in that year in the report of the trial of Colonel Bayard, charged with treason for taking part in the Leister troubles—of a meeting of citizens at the coffee-house.

The earliest public notice of a coffee-house, appears in the first New York newspaper, the *New York*

Gazette. The notice was inserted in that newspaper on July 28th, 1729, and ran until August 11th, the following month. The advertisement referred to the coffee-house as the place "where a competent bookkeeper may be heard of." The notice does not mention the location of the coffee-house, but every "mother's son" must have known where it was, just as every village boy to-day knows where the Town Hall, Post Office, and public hitching-posts of his native place are.

On March 1st, 1730, a notice appeared in the *Gazette*, which gives a clue to the location of the coffee-house. The notice reads that a sale of land by public vendue will take place at the Exchange Coffee-house.

The map of the city at that time shows that the Exchange was at the foot of Broad Street. Not a very pretentious building, it was constructed in 1690, and had for some years previous been used as a slaughter-house. It had been altered, however, and gradually became a place where traders and sellers congregated. It was a shed-like structure open on all sides—a roof erected on pillars, its front foundation resting upon the sea-wall. Leading from it in a straight line was the Long Bridge, which divided the Great Dock into two sections—the East and West Docks. The Great Dock extended from Whitehall to Countess Slip—Coenties Slip—and faced a large basin protected from the sea by a cres-

cent shaped breakwater. This basin was a favorite resting place for vessels. The buildings on the river front in the vicinity sprang up rapidly, and small taverns for the accommodation of captains and crew lined the shores—a delightful breathing spot overlooking the bay, and affording a view of a wooded island (Governor's), and a green vista on the other side where "Greater New Yorkers" now sleep, and trolley cars run up and down.

The Exchange Coffee-House was, doubtless, in the vicinity, but just where, it has never been recorded, for the reason that with the increase of commerce the trade of the neighborhood encroached upon its peaceful surroundings, and drove the coffee-house and its patrons

further up the shore line. Wherever it was located it was a favorite place for meetings of the friends of the church and state, the ruling administration, etc. A peaceful resort, as a whole; but, as there has probably never been a public-house of any kind in which some strife did not occur, it broke out in the coffee-house with a vengeance, which would have delighted the heart of our President Roosevelt had he been on earth at the time to have taken part in the proceedings.

In 1734 a public controversy arose in the coffee-house, which had had for its battlefield the two newspapers of the time—Bradford's *New York Gazette*, and Zenger's *New York Weekly Journal*. The *Gazette*

was the Governor's organ, the *Weekly* the paper of the opposition. It was a lively affair, and feeling ran so high that the court party was driven to desperation by the ridicule and charges heaped upon it by the democratic journal, which by no means observed all the ethics of public society in the things it said, the names it called, and the "low, abusive language" it used.

Colonel Harrison, the recorder, who had felt the sting of the *Journal*, threatened to lay his cane over the back of Editor Zenger, who replied in regular newspaper spirit that "he wore his sword by his side." The upshot of the controversy was that after the court had refused to grant an order that "certain numbers of the obnoxious journal be

burned by the hangman," Zenger, the publisher, was thrown into jail.

Zenger was tried in the spring of 1735. Andrew Hamilton, a Philadelphia lawyer of great reputation, astonished the court by appearing for the defense. Zenger was acquitted. It was a popular verdict, and was received with cheers. After the trial Mr. Hamilton was entertained in state, and the enthusiastic population followed him for a distance on the morning of his departure for home.

From that time the Exchange Coffee-house had several locations and varying fortunes. In 1737 it was next door to the "Fighting Cocks," a tavern kept by John Cookes, which has been located by the Long Bridge. From 1737 to

1748 no notice of the coffee-house was made in the newspapers. In 1750 it was known as the Gentlemen's and Exchange Coffee-house, and was kept at the sign of the King's Arms by Andrew Ramsay, in the vicinity of the Long Bridge.

In 1753 the Gentlemen's Coffee-house had moved to Hunter's Quay, the water line, now Front Street, between the Old Slip and Wall Street. Mr. Payne, the proprietor, announced that he was selling Madeira, Geneva rum, arrack, tea and sugar from his house opposite the Old Slip Market at the sign of *Admiral Warren. After a short

* No greater compliment could be paid a hero in those days than to picture his head and shoulders on a tavern sign. Sir Peter Warren, whose exploit, the capture of Louisburg, made him famous, was honored in other ways, viz., Warren Street was also named after him.

period the Gentlemen's Coffee-house passed out of existence.

Meantime the Merchants' Coffee-house had become a rival. It came under public mention on the 7th of November, 1743, in a notice of a house for sale. It stood on the southeast corner of Wall and Queen, now Water Street, on the site formerly occupied by the *Journal of Commerce.*

The houses of that period were made of brick, and two or three stories high. They had gabled roofs, generally fronting on the street. Some had balconies on the roof, where the people used to sit during the summer evenings. On the bluish grey walls were pictures in small frames. On each side of the chimney was an alcove, and the

wall under the windows was wainscoted, with benches under it.

Externally, the Merchants' Coffee-house was three stories high, deep enough to permit of a large room on the lower story, as well as a long room on the second floor, a feature of every public-house at that period.

At that time when the coffee-house first opened its doors New York was in a prosperous condition. Party rage which had disrupted the province to such an extent to cause an almost total suspension of shipping, and empty houses for lack of tenants, had subsided, and the war with France gave new vitality to the city.

Of all the coffee-houses of that time probably no other building

has figured so prominently as a headquarters of historical associations as the Merchants'. If a catalogue of historical incidents and events were published, which had their inception in this famous house, it alone would make a fair sized volume.

In the histories of the city, in magazine articles, and fugitive newspaper accounts these events have all been chronicled in one way and another, but, for all that, they deserve a brief passing revival at this time—where changes take place so fast—simply as a comparison between just now and then.

During the war with France just referred to, the coffee-houses were busy places. The rage to go privateering became an epidemic. From

1743 to 1748, no less than thirty vessels carrying from ten to twenty-four guns, scoured the high seas in quest of booty. Everything was forgotten for the new sport. The popular pastimes of the day—horse racing and cock fighting were abandoned by the "bloods" of the city for the more adventurous career. So attractive was the sport that Lieutenant-Governor DeLancey wrote the London Board of Trade: "Men would no longer enter the army, and that the country was drained of many able bodied men by a kind of madness to go a privateering."

In 1757 there were thirty-nine ships, carrying 128 guns, and manned by 1,050 men searching the seas. By January, 1758, there were

brought into New York fifty-nine prizes. In spite of this, however, anxiety was felt for the safety of citizens. In 1755 a serious debate took place in the coffee-house as to "whether the channel should not be made narrower for defense of the city against large ships."

Many citizens whose names are familiar to New Yorkers of to-day figured in the life of the province. Among these were Philip Livingston, Isaac Low, both delegates to the First Continental Congress; Gerald William Beekman, Elias Desbrosses, and Henry Remsen. The Bayards were sugar refiners in Wall Street. Isaac Roosevelt also had a similar business near Franklin Square; the Lispenards had a brewery on the North River, and the

Rutgers a rival establishment on the East River.

From the year 1765, in which history was made fast, the coffee-house figured as a background. During the Stamp Act excitement a paper was read from the balcony of the coffee-house, calling upon the people to suppress riots. Isaac Sears, an old privateersman, and a popular leader, addressed the mob, and in a few days peace was restored.

Strange to say, it has not been possible to ascertain definitely the names of any proprietor of the Merchants' Coffee-house for twenty-five years. The name of Alexander Smith "in from the coffee house" figures. Later, a widow Smith lived in a small building in the rear of

the coffee-house in 1759, but there is no connecting link to show that she was the widow of the above.

On the 5th of January, 1770, the great subject which claimed public attention, whether the ballot should be open or secret, was discussed in the Merchants' Coffee-house at a meeting held at midday.

In 1771, Dr. William Browne-John, the owner of the building, offers the coffee-house for sale. It was occupied then by Mrs. Mary Ferrari, a widow, who gave it up in 1772, and opened up a new coffee-house across the street. Mrs. Elizabeth Wragg succeeded her. In 1773, Nesbitt Deane owned the place. In that year a written notice was posted on the walls of the coffee-house, promising destruction

to any one who should "accept of commission, or be in any way accessory thereto."

The notice referred to the East India Company's shipment of tea which was then announced to be on its way, contrary to the non-importation agreement.

On April 18, 1774, Capt. Lockyer, who commanded the "Nancy," with a cargo of tea, was sighted. The Sons of Liberty met him, and, although he was permitted to come to the city to obtain supplies, he was turned back to sea. A committee of the "Sons," with the coffee-house as a starting place, saw him off amid the music of a band, the hurrahs of the people, and the firing of guns.

For a few years following the

coffee-house sank into a kind of decline, but in the winter and spring of 1776 it came to the fore again. In that year the American Army occupied the city. In May, 1776, Cornelius Bradford took possession of the coffee-house. He was a good landlord, but a better patriot, however, and in September he left with the troops under Washington to go to the front. The presence of the British Army gave a new life to the coffee-house at this period, and the place took on an entirely different aspect. The neutral merchants mingled more or less with the redcoats in the coffee-house, but the loyal tradesmen flocked by themselves.

In 1779 members of the Chamber of Commerce engaged the Long

Room in the coffee-house for their meeting. It was then kept by Mrs. Smith, who had the place two years. In 1781 James Strachan, who had kept the Queen's Head Tavern on the dock, became its proprietor. Although he had a fair patronage, he was not successful in his venture. Cornelius Bradford, the exiled patriot, who had lived near Rhinebeck during the occupancy of the British, having returned to New York in the above year, again became proprietor of the Merchants' Coffee-house.

By his enterprise, and because of the original ideas he introduced in tavern keeping, he soon made the place a centre of attraction. During his landlordship the coffee-house touched the highest point in

its popularity. It was the headquarters of merchants and tradesmen. The neighborhood resumed its importance, and became the centre of trade, commerce, and business activity.

Bradford opened a book in which he entered the name of the arrivals and departures of all vessels to and from the port. He also installed a city register in which the merchants and others were requested to enter their names and residence—*the first attempt to make a city directory New York had known.* In the vicinity of the coffee-house, above and below Wall Street, were a row of buildings occupied by auction shops, watchmakers, notary publics, and lawyers. The Bank of New York, the first institution of the kind in

the city, was founded in the Merchants' Coffee-house. Societies and organizations of all kinds—military, political, social, financial, and mercantile met in the coffee-house. Among these were the Chamber of Commerce and Marine Society; the Governors of the New York Hospital held their annual election there. Socially, the Society of the Cincinnati, Grand Lodge of Master Masons, Societies of St. Patrick and St. Andrew, held forth in the coffee-house on stated occasions. The Marine Society entertained Congress there on the 19th of January, 1785.

On the 3d of February, in that year, the Chamber of Commerce also received the same body in the coffee-house at a formal entertain-

ment officially accepted by the President and Congress. The toasts were thirteen in number, two of them being on the subjects: "Free Trade with all Nations," "May Persecuted Liberty in every Quarter of the Globe find an Asylum in America."

Again, in 1785, the Governor of the State, Hon. Judge Jay, and other prominent citizens were the guests of the Irish at a dinner given in honor of St. Patrick in the coffee-house. Later, Evacuation Day was also celebrated there. The affair consisted of an elegant turtle supper, which was given to a select party of ladies and gentlemen. Patriotic toasts were drunk, and a ball concluded the entertainment.

Cornelius Bradford died the next

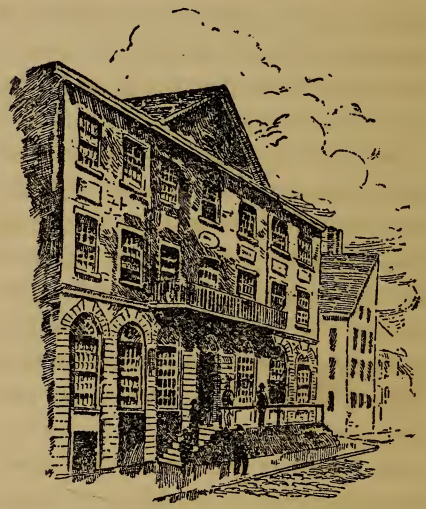
year at the age of fifty-seven. The *New York Packet*, in an obituary notice, said: "He was distinguished as a steady patriot during the arduous contest for American Liberty, and that he always discovered a charitable disposition towards those who differed from him in sentiment."

Bradford's widow continued to keep the coffee-house, and still retained the custom of the societies. Among the events which were celebrated during her career as proprietor was the ratification of the Federal Constitution by the State Convention of Massachusetts, on the 8th of February, 1788. On the flag of the United States, which was unfurled from the coffee-house at sunrise, were the words: "The Constitution, September 17, 1787."

Later in the day the emblem of Massachusetts, bearing the date of her admission, was hung out from the same building.

On the 23d of April, 1789, a salute fired from the battery, announced the arrival of President Washington. His reception took place in the coffee-house, to which he was escorted by the Governor, principal state officers and leading merchants, accompanied by an escort of miltary and citizens.

In 1792 the Tontine Coffee-house was opened on the northwest corner of Wall and Water Streets. Due to the growth of the Chamber of Commerce, as well as the increase of merchants, larger quarters were required for their gatherings. The Tontine was erected for this purpose.



THE OLD TONTINE COFFEE-HOUSE.

In 1793, Mrs. Bradford gave up her lease of the coffee-house and lived in retirement until her death in 1822. She was succeeded by John Byrnes, who was the landlord

until 1798, when he became proprietor of the Tontine. Edwin Bardin took the Merchants' Coffee-house, and remained there until 1804. In that year the famous inn was burned to the ground. It was built of brick, and was worth $7,500. The Phenix Coffee-house was built on the site in 1806. John Byrne died while keeper of the Tontine in 1780. Bardin kept the place from 1812 to 1816, when he retired. He died in 1823 at the age of eighty-nine. Few public-houses have held so much history as the Merchants'. Peace to its pipe — ashes and — coffee—grounds.

COFFEE ANECDOTES.

How M. Grévy Got a Pure Cup of Coffee.

In spite of the fact that the French first civilized and glorified coffee to its present high state of perfection, it is, nevertheless, true that this people adulterate the beverage to a great extent. Chicory especially is used freely in that country. The reason for it is given by some that a majority of French coffee drinkers prefer it with a dash of chicory to give the drink tone and body. Others claim that the large consumption of chicory in France is due to the native habit of economy so characteristic of that

nation. Be that as it may, however, chicory is a recognized accompaniment to coffee there. Apropos of this, the following story told of the late M. Grévy will bear retelling:

Some years ago he and a friend, M. Bethmont, were among the guests of M. Menier, the chocolate manufacturer, at a hunting party. When they started to return from the hunt, through the forest, M. Grévy and his friend became lost, and, trying to get their bearings, fell upon a small wine house in their path. Tired out they stopped for rest and refreshment. They called for something to drink. Wine was brought, which M. Bethmont found to his taste. As M. Grévy did not take wine, he asked

for coffee. He was suspicious, however, that the decoction which would be served him might not be pure, so he managed it in this way:

"Have you any chicory"? he inquired of the innkeeper.

"Yes; Monsieur."

"Bring me some."

The proprietor returned with a small can of it.

"Is that all you have?" again asked M. Grévy.

"We have a little more, Monsieur."

"Bring me all you have."

Another can was brought in.

"Is that all"?

"Yes; Monsieur."

"Very good. Now go and make me a cup of coffee."

In America.

The following is an American story:

Coffeyville, Kansas, was known not so many years ago as a town of strong men and weak beverages. An eastern traveller who happened to be in the place during its pioneer hotel days, astonished the proprietor of the "Eagle House" there by the number of cups of coffee he consumed at one sitting.

"You seem to be very fond of coffee," remarked the proprietor as he set the fifth cup of the beverage before his guest.

"Only fairly so," replied the traveler gravely. "I never take more than *one* cup of it for breakfast. I am still in hopes of obtaining that quantity before I finish

my meal. Will you kindly permit me to have a couple of more cups of *your* preparation."

Literary Beverages.

Famous literary men have all had their favorite beverages.

Tea and coffee, however, head the list, and these two drinks, which the famous William Cobbett denounced as "slops," have been the means of spurring many a drowsy journalist to renewed energy.

Voltaire, the king of wits and literateurs, was a confirmed coffee drinker. In his old age he often took fifty cups a day, which sadly hurt his digestion and hastened his death. Balzac never drank anything else but coffee, and during the early hours of the morning (for

he began at twelve o'clock midnight), he used to take copious drafts of this stimulating drink.

Sir James Macintosh was so fond of coffee that he used to assert that the powers of a man's mind would generally be found to be proportional to the quantity of that stimulant which he drank. Cowper pays a tribute to tea in the *Task*, when he says "the cup that cheers but not inebriates." He was very fond of the Chinese beverage. But the king of tea drinkers was Samuel Johnson. On one occasion Sir Joshua Reynolds reminded the great man that he had drunk eleven cups of tea, whereupon Johnson retorted: "Sir, I did not count your glasses of wine; why, then, should you number my cups of tea"?—*Answers.*

LONDON COFFEE-HOUSE ANECDOTES.

RYDEN, as has already been noted, was the bright particular star of "Wills's," called the father of all present clubs. It was located on the northwest corner of Russell and Bow Streets, and during its existence was the favorite resort of poets, wits, and men about town.

Dryden was a Londoner to the backbone, and though he would sometimes talk grandly about his summer and winter seats, a closer acquaintance with the great man

would merely resolve it into a whimsical reference to his arm-chair, which in winter had its settled place by the fireside, and in summer stood on the balcony. Among the frequenters of "Wills's" at that period, 1710, were John Gay, who wrote the "Beggar's Opera"; Samuel Pepys, the Diarist; and Alexander Pope, who described Dryden as a "plump, taciturn man, with a fresh color and a down look."

At Button's Coffee-house Addison reigned supreme. Button had been a servant in the Countess of Warwick's family, and when Addison married the Countess in 1716, he took her protege under his wing. There were times, however, when Addison and his wife did not always agree. They had quarrels, and

whenever these occurred Addison religiously absented himself from Button's, and did not return until peace was once more restored in the family.

Addison evidently felt more at his ease in a coffee-house than in a drawing-room, and his picture of Sir Roger de Coverley at Squire's might have stood for his own portrait. "He asked me if I would smoke a pipe with him over a cup of coffee. I accordingly waited upon him at the coffee-house. He had no sooner seated himself at the upper end of the high table but he called for a clean pipe, a paper of tobacco, a dish of coffee, a wax candle, and the *Supplement*, with such an air of cheerfulness and good humor that all the boys in

the coffee-house—who seem to take pleasure in serving him—were at once on his several errands, insomuch that nobody could come at a dish of tea until the knight had got all his conveniences about him."

Button's Coffee-house was the editorial office of the *Guardian*, and at the door was a memorable letter-box—designed of the painter Hogarth — which, according to the *Cornhill Magazine*, was formed of a lion's head, down whose gaping jaws passed the contributions of Gay, Pope, and Steele.

The Bedford Coffee-house, in Covent Garden, was another favorite place. Among the frequenters of this resort were the two Fieldings, Goldsmith, Churchill, Woodward, Lloyd, Hogarth, Foote, and Garrick.

L. of C.

This celebrated resort once attracted so much attention as to have published "Memoirs of the Bedford Coffee-house," two editions, 1751 and 1763. It stood "under the Piazza in Covent Garden," in the northwest corner, near the entrance to the theatre.

In *The Connoisseur*, No. 1, 1754, we are assured that "this coffee-house is crowded every night with men of parts. Almost every one you meet is a polite scholar and a wit. Jokes and bon mots are echoed from box to box; every branch of literature is critically examined, and the merit of every production of the press or performance of the theatres weighed and determined."

Foote and Garrick often met at

the Bedford, and many and sharp were their encounters.

One night Garrick and Foote were about to leave the Bedford together, when the latter, in paying the bill, dropped a guinea; and, not finding it at once, said: "Where on earth can it be gone to"? "Gone to the devil, I think," replied Garrick, who had assisted in the search. "Well said, David"! was Foote's reply; "Let you alone for making a guinea go further than anybody else."

One of the last of the old coffee-houses to carry on business was the Chapter, in Paternoster Row, which was finally closed in 1854. When Charlotte and Anne Bronte came to London in 1848, they went to stay there, having heard their

father mention the place. This is probably the only time two women were seen there.

Poor Chatteron used to haunt the place, and the one solitary gleam of happiness that was shed upon his London life came to him there. "I am quite familiar at the Chapter Coffee-house," he wrote to his mother, "and know all the geniuses there. A character is now unnecessary, for an author carries his genius in his pen."

COFFEE.

O, boiling, bubbling berry, bean!
Thou consort of the kitchen queen—
Browned and ground of every feature,
The only aromatic creature,
For which we long, for which we feel,
The breath of morn, the perfumed meal.

For what is tea? It can but mean,
Merely the mildest go-between.
Insipid sobriety of thought and mind
It "cuts no figure"—we can find—
Save peaceful essays, gentle walks,
Purring cats, old ladies' talks"—

* * * * * * * * * *

But coffee! can other tales unfold.
It's history's written round and bold—
Brave buccaneers upon the "Spanish main,"
The army's march across the length'ng plain.
The lone prospector wandering o'er the hill,
The hunter's camp, thy fragrance all distill.

So here's a health to coffee! coffee hot!
A morning toast! Bring on another pot.

ARTHUR GRAY.

A RELIC.

ACCORDING to H. D. Ellis, in a paper read before the Society of Antiquarians in London, the coffee-pot here illustrated is one of the oldest of English makes now in existence. It bears the usual London hall mark for the year 1692, and the maker's mark is G. G., upon a shaped shield; a mark which is recorded upon the copper-plate belonging to the Goldsmith's Company, on which is impressed the marks of those silversmiths who worked between 1675 and 1697.

The names of these smiths are not recorded, but Mr. Cripp's con-

jectures that the mark G. G., is that of one George Garthorne, a member of a family of silversmiths, specimens of whose handicraft are in existence bearing hall marks which range between 1682 and 1694.

The pot was originally quite plain, and the decoration was added later, probably about the middle of the last century.

THE DAY.

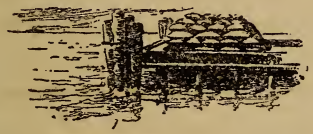
But at last the lady makes a signal to the cavalier that it is time to leave the table.

Spring to thy feet
The first of all, and, drawing near thy lady,
Remove her chair and offer her thy hand,
And lead her to the other room, nor suffer longer
That the stale reek of viands shall offend
Her delicate sense. Thee with the rest invites
The grateful odor of the coffee, where
It smokes upon a smaller table hid
And graced with Indian webs. The redolent gums
That meanwhile burn, sweeten and purify
The heavy atmosphere, and banish thence
All lingering traces of the feast. Ye sick
And poor, whom misery or whom hope, perchance!
Has guided in the noonday to these doors,
Tumultuous, naked, and unsightly throng,
With mutilated limbs and squalid faces,
In litters and on crutches from afar
Comfort yourselves, and with expanded nostrils
Drink in the nectar of the feast divine
That favorable zephyrs waft to you;
But do not dare besiege these noble precincts,
Importunately offering her that reigns

Within your loathsome spectacle of woe!
And now, sir, 'tis your office to prepare
The tiny cup that then shall minister,
Slow sipped, its liquor to thy lady's lips;
And now, bethink thee, whether she prefer
The boiling beverage much or little tempered
With sweet; or if, perchance, she like it best,
As doth the barbarous spouse, then when she
sits
Upon brocades of Persia, with light fingers
The bearded visage of her lord caressing.

GUISSEPPE PARINI.

From William Dean Howells' "Modern Italian Poets." The above is a quotation from the translation of Parini's poem, "The Day," which celebrates The Morning, The Noon, The Evening, and The Night, of a gentleman of fashion as Milan knew him for fifty years in the last century.



ONE HUNDRED LAST WORDS ON COFFEE.

The best stories that have ever been told have never been printed. The best stories that may ever be told will never know the immortality of type. They have not been, and they will never be, told over the oysters, soup, roast, entrée, dessert,—but over the coffee. The husband doesn't tell his wife his best story; nor does she tell him her's; nor do the editor and author their readers. It is the friend that tells the friend, as the aroma of the coffee opens the portals of his soul, and the story, long hidden, is winged for posterity.

John Ernest McCann.

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